

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tir. Kild her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it now is done.

King. What was she rauisht, tell who did the deede.

Titus. Wilt please you eate, wilt please your highnes feed.

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter thus?

Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.

King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,

Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,

Whereof theyr mother daintilie hath fed
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.

Tis true, tis true, witnes my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the Emperesse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deede.

Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.

Marcus. You sad facde men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd as a flight of fowle,
Scatterd by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
And shee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on herselfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnessses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

VVhen

of Titus Andronicus

When with his solemne tongue
To loue-sicke Didoes sad atten
The story of that balefull burni
When subtile Greekes surprize
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewite
Or who hath brought the fatal
That giues our Troy, our Rom
My hart is not compact of flint
Nor can I vtter all our bitter gri
But floods of teares will drown
And breake my vttrance euen i
When it should moue you to a
Lending your kind commiserat
Heere is a Captaine, let him tel
Your harts will throb and weep

Lucius. Then noble auditory
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetri*
Were they that mured our Em
And they it were that rauished
For their fell faults our brother
Our Fathers teares despisd, and
Of that true hand that fought
And sent her enemies vnto the
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banish
The gates shut on me and turn
To beg reliefe among Romes e
Who drowned their enmity in m
And opt their armes to imbrac
I am the turned forth be it kno
That haue preferud her welfare
And from her bosome tooke t
Sheathing the Steele in my adue
Alas you know I am no vaunte
My scars can witnes dumb alth